



We lay aside letters never to read them again, and at last we destroy them out of discretion, and so disappears the most beautiful, the most immediate breath of life, irrecoverably for ourselves and for others.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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Buck's Rock '63 was written, designed, illustrated, and produced by campers working in the various shops of the BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONN. It is published by the Print and Publications Shop.

A message from Ernst

Our summer at Buck's Rock has come to its end.

"The sunlight on the garden Hardens and grows cold We cannot cage the minute Within its nets of gold..."

I know that some people think one should take stock every day; I also know that one doesn't. As you come to an end, though, you arrive at a new beginning. At such a time, you may be tempted to take stock, to look back at this summer, to look forward to the winter and beyond to years to come.

As you do, each one of you will reach his own conclusions. They will be different from anybody else's, they will be your own, and they can only be expressed by you. However, there may be some thoughts and feelings that many of you will have in common.

For one, most of you will be proud of our group achievements as well as your personal achievements, the more so because what you have accomplished, you have done because you wanted to, rather than because we told you to. Your own inner voice directed you; you have learned to listen to it and some of you became aware of its existence for the first time.

As you discover your abilities, you will learn not to think too much of yourself nor too little of yourself. Of course, you won't always succeed but, as you have seen this summer, you can always try again. Even failure, though understandable and often predictable, is not necessarily inevitable. There is always the possibility of changing what seems inevitable. The part human strength plays can be decisive in the face of all predictions and probabilities.

Many of your achievements this summer were arrived at not through competition with others but by working together. You may have become conscious of the fact that the friendlier your feelings towards others, the easier it is for you to take the friendliness of those around you for granted.

You know that it is important to be part of a group; on the other hand, you are beginning to discover that it is equally important to learn how to be alone. The deepest decisions are personal, individual, your very own; they are arrived at independent of the decisions others may make. But in working and living together, as you did this summer and as you will in the future, you will





Seven weeks ago many strangers looked out Dear Readers, from the comp trucks Each came with a different vackground of interests and expectations. Here we were tegether, for a whole summer, adjustments had to be made so that we could two successfully as a family in a free and challenging situation. Gradually, the faces and shops became familiar and

The stage was set. The people were here and friendships were formed. so were the facilities, but it was up to each one of us to make the most of the opportunities we didat the stage in the Print shop, on the farm, or perched high in a free with a book. We learned about specific

crass and we learned about people. Now we can only look back. Our many experiences are over, but not forgotten. This yearbook may help recall those experiences as well as the various thoughts and emotions that were an intrinsic part of them. The letter form serves to bring them together in a personal way.

when writing a letter, the individual is honest about his feelings our aim, in assembling these letters was to capture an accurate impression of Buck's Rock - 1963. The pages also serve as a resting place for final gotalities and autographs a recorded history of the short, yet meaningful summer.

Jesuca and Boltie



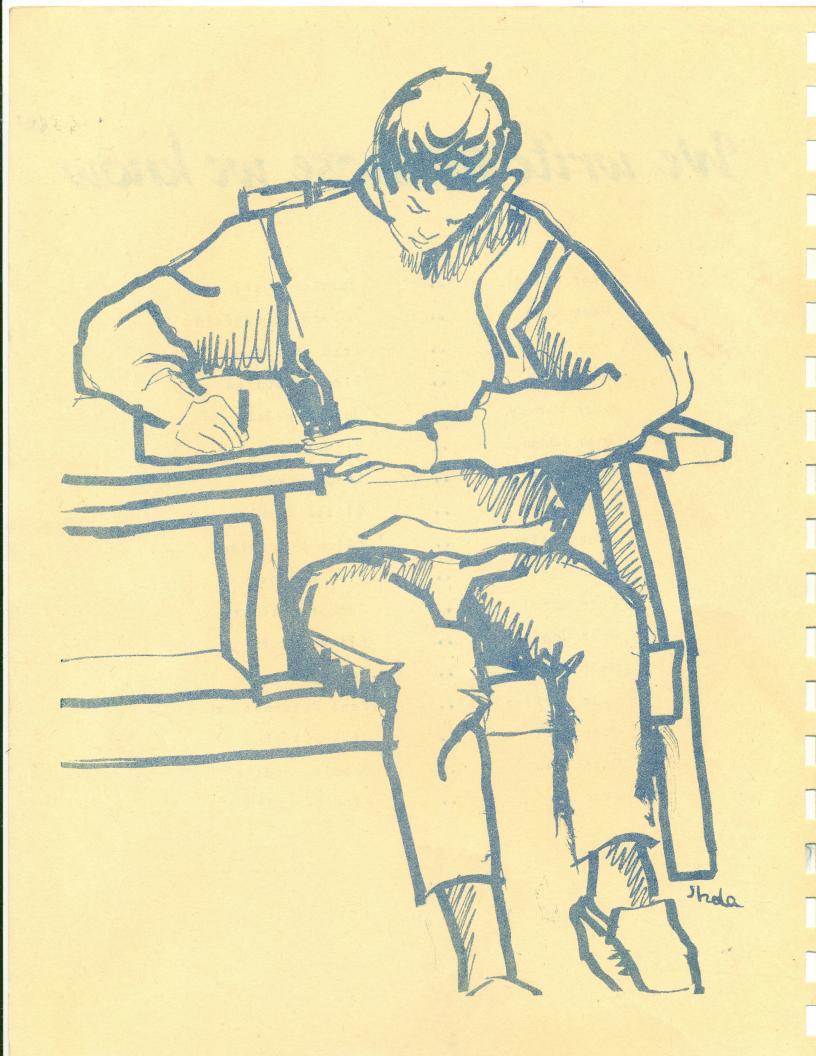
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We write to those we know

Dear Ellen Jessica Myers Dear Rich Howard Schoenfeld Dear Larry Fred Brandfon Dear June Richard Sulken Dear Harvey John Yohalem Dear Mitch Richard Marshall Dear Gloria Linda Levy Dear Debby Elissa Robbins Dear Marion Ellen Eisenstadt Dear Ada Riva Kaminsky Dear Carol Barbara Kaiser Dear Joanie Ellen Ogintz Dear Ken Wendy Suss Dear Marilyn Rena Rosenwasser Dear Paul Ricky Winston Dear Joan Bobbie Handler

Richard Fried

Dear Dev



Dear Ellen,

I haven't typed in so long. Isn't this type neat? I'm using a Print Shop typewriter. Today is Sunday. We should be in Tanglewood butthis morning it was raining buckets. The roof in my cabin leaked and what a mess--three wastebaskets full of water plus one wet bed and a flooded floor.

I am presently feeling very depressed. I was working in art and nothing was going right. I finished my oil painting and am trying to make a drawing from which I can make an etching.

Just think---we'll never have to take another typing course or walk through the halls of Kensington or look at the horrid people, or listen to those power-mad gym teachers. I would never go back to Kensington if you paid me. Now it is past history, thank God.

Today is July 21
almost the end of July
then August
then school

summer will be gone---gone never to return it must be a good summer it must be will make it one

This camp is twenty years old. Isn't that weird? I can't imagine people here in 1943. That was during the war---how very very odd.

I am writing a bunch of nothing---for shame

what

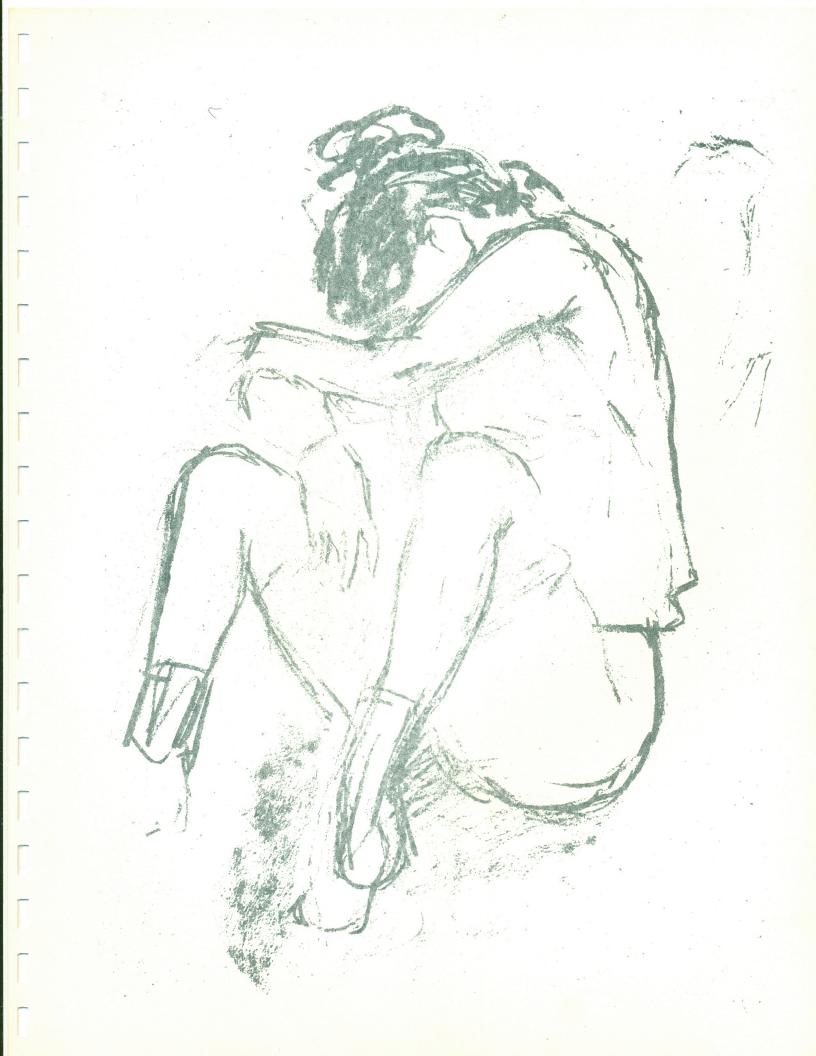
what, what can I do

am

getting no where no where no where

l wish I could cry
but that would be but momentary relief

We were discussing different types of anger in creative witing class. (note the squeezed letter---good old Mrs. Anderson) We were talking about how to relieve anger but



Dear Rich,

I tried out for one of the three Thornton Wilder plays we're presenting next Saturday. That same night I came back to my bunk early and lay awake thinking: "Will this be the first time for me to have a real chance to act at Buck's Rock? Dean had the part in school and will probably get it here also. But then again, it is just about time for me to get a part."

I tossed and turned and finally fell as leep. The next morning, I awoke early and again wondered about the list which would be posted on the social hall porch. Rich, I was so nervous that my bed was shaking. I got up and started to dress; the noise I was making woke the bunk, and I finished dressing to shouts of, "What are you doing?" "Get back in bed!" "Are you nuts?" I explained what I was doing and, after the shouts had died down, just sat and waited.

Finally, the gong sounded. I tore out of my bunk, bumped into Bernie Unger and the "Holy Vasser," and ran to the porch. I stared at the bulletin board...no list...

After breakfast, our team had to leave camp for a baseball game at Camp Kewa. When we returned, there was still no list. I went to the bunk quite depressed and sat on my bed. Suddenly, Eric, another kid interested in the theater, rushed in. "Well, Howie, you finally hit pay dirt. The list is up and you have the part."

I didn't know whether he was kidding or not, but I made an olympic leap off the bed and galloped to the porch. I scanned the list and spotted my name. After a jubilant yell and numerous congratulations I returned to my bunk. The realization that I had the part stands, so far, as the most memorable moment of my summer.

Your best friend,

Howie

Dear Larry,

I'm sitting on a bench in the middle of main campus, in the center of the lawn. The bench wobbles. I usually pace up and down it, balancing myself until I get ideas -- it's kind of Kinetic Creativity. I've been doing a bit of writing for the magazine here at camp and this is where and how I usually do it.

From here I can see the mountains beyond the camp.

The horizon bends to the contours of the mountains and then plunges out of sight. I can see the road going through main campus clearly from my spot. Most of the day people parade up and down and seem to know exactly where they're going. Now it's after lunch and the heat's more oppressive. People pass by, putting one foot in front of the other with the care of a sleepwalker.

Through the trees I can see a corner of the social hall porch. Three steps lead up to the porch. The people moving up and down step with an unconscious precision.

And here I sit on my bench and watch them...

Goodbye,

trep

Dear June,

Do you remember that in my last letter I mentioned that the main reason I liked Buck's Rock was because of the kind of people it attracted? I said then that they were aware, intelligent, and, for the most part, friendly people. Well, here's an example of what I mean:

I saw a girl, a friend of mine, sitting on the hillside near our social hall and reading a book on a beautiful sunny day. I sat down beside her and asked her about Anna Karenina, the book she was reading. Then I lay back in the luscious thick grass. Ten minutes passed and a junior counselor joined us. We started talking about books and how difficult it was to find sufficient time to read here. Then we talked about the usefulness of keeping a yocabulary list of new words we found in reading books. From there, our conversation turned to future plans. "Wouldn't it be really great if I could go to Europe for a year and study, say, in Florence?"

Just then the gong rang, sending us off to our respective shops; not without some regret, I walked away.

Yours truly,

Rich Sulken

Dear Harvey,

I can't take this kind of freedom; it is a prison to me. At Camp Killooleet I had to try all the activities. I disliked some things, but cultivated new interests and kept my old ones. Here you concentrate on a few things and, eventually, tire of them.

I talked to Ernst about this feeling I've had. He says that, in a way, my being confined by freedom can be compared to the need for a definite authority by the German people during the Weimar Republic. They couldn't take the amount of freedom in their constitution and had to have someone like Hitler.

Another trouble is my embarrassment at trying anything new and I'm finding this impossible to overcome. I agree with Ernst that if I can only conquer this problem I'll accomplish a lot this summer.

Do you have this problem?

Your friend,

Dear Mitch.

I'm working this summer——well, let's say half working. (You see, I am capable of things labort ous.) But to get down to particulars: my official status is that of counselor in training (CIT). My traineeship is in the Ceramics Shop, which people fondly refer to as the mud shop. The nickname is appropriate. After all, there's clay and water all over the place so (ich) you've got mud.

The head of everything (mud and CIT's) is Harry Allan. Harry's presence makes the Ceramics Shop flypaper for long lost Buck's Rockers...
"Well, hello, how are you?"...He remembers them all, and makes them wish they had never left camp. Another thing about Harry is his little gems of psychology. Many times, a camper will make something nondescript on the potter's wheel...!!!! give you two hours for it," says Harry. As obvious as the trick is, campers fall for it. Suddenly, the pot becomes a Ming vase and the camper no longer has misgivings about the craft.

Jaimee Pugliese is the other counselor in the shop. She's pleasantly misleading. For instance, at the start of the season a person will come to the shop and ask if Jaimee's a camper and Jaimee'll say, "Ch no, I'm 22." Then she'll say, "Gee, I don't know anything about ceramics," and start making astronomical glazes and monster pots. Something of the young camper in her comes out when, after wearing half her fingernail away on some grog in a pot she s making, she says, "Isn't that wild?"

Aunt Melissa (that's Melissa Marein) is our junior counselor. Her masterful ways over us lowly CIT's are efficient and she deserves the endearing name. And new that I've reached the CIT's, you have some idea of what the mud shop hierarchy is like.

Che more thing about my place of servitude (Isn't it hard to believe that I actually work?)
-I get dirty. So I'll leave you with another fond

Pichard

that I try (usually in vain) to stir up interest in at home. Well, it just wasn't so. And I was extremely disappointed. Some say that Buck's Rock lacked its customary intellectual fervor this year. It's true that many campers have been apathetic. My mistake at the beginning was in not realizing that although intellectual talk doesn't appeal to every camper, it does appeal to many. I guess that's the thing I've learned best here—that no matter where you go, you always have to look for people who have the same outlook and attitudes as you; also, that there's much you can learn from those who don't share your convictions.

If you decide to come here next year, I certainly hope it works out for you. Parhaps, if your expectations aren't sky high, you will appreciate even more all that Buck's Rock has to offer.

I'm anxious to hear from you,

Linda

Dear Debby,

Well, today I got the Buck's Rock blues. I guess that you, as an alumna of the camp, know what it's like. I can't exactly figure out why I'm depressed, but I just know that I am. It seems strange that while there is so much to do, so many people are wandering around looking gloomy and glum.

Now that I've started to think about this letter, I could probably tell you why I'm in such a bad mood. This afternoon I had a discussion with a few kids about God and being Jewish. Their attitudes were quite different from mine. One started out with, "Why do you wear that star of David? You don't really believe in it." That sort of caught me off guard, but I managed to come back with, "Yes, as it happens, I do."

As we continued to talk, one of my allies turned against me. She came up with the idea that I'm not as good a Jew or person as she because I don't go to temple, eat Kosher food, and light the candles. That hardly bothered me. What did puzzle me was that when I tried to explain why I believed in God and felt that I was a good Jew even though I didn't observe all the customs, I had no solid ground to fall back on. I really didn't manage to convince any of the agnostical and a theistic debaters; they simply wondered at my unreasoning faith.

Most of them said that Judaism was superstition and fear. Somehow I think it's more of a culture and a heritage. I didn't manage to get that across either, and I left the group feeling frustrated and unsure of exactly what I do believe in.

It was hard to explain my belief and my pride in being Jewish to people who have no respect for religion. Whether or
not you understand what I have been trying to tell you isn't
really important. It's so easy to get lost in my own thoughts.
I think writing them down may have helped me.

I can't wait to see you. Are you coming up for Festival? Write back. I need someone to re-affirm my faith!

Love, Elissa



Dear Marion.

The dance studio is dark now. The only movements

are the shadows of the night, playing against the walls sou

and on the smooth, polished floor. From a corner, with as of the sounds of the Fifth of the sounds of the sound of the sound

Brandenburg---thrilling, alive, pulsating.

Jon and The The The Thirt The Control of the Contro Music at Buck's Rock. Music (1)

disther click of typewriter keys in the Print Shop, the served muitter was been a been a fine by the served muffiled sounds of a box being additional to the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled muffiled sounds of a box being a fill the served muffiled muffile

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To The construction Crew's hammers, as they easyncopation of the Construction Crew's hammers, as they

graph captures the phonon of chile, the phenomenon of I B. Smill visve.

strike.

At Buck's Rock, music is where you find it ...

when you find it ... and what you make of it.

ellen

soms or a tree is planual.

Dear Ada,

Now that you have a camera and are in the same setting as I, we can share the same experiences, or at least try to. Although we can see the same Print Shop, oak tree, or waterfall, you may like the pattern the sun creates on the left side but I may like the beauty of it which I can only see on the right side. We start to achieve the same end but we will do it in different ways.

I've figured out a perfect way to get acquainted with the camp. First you walk up to the farm with a trigger (shutter) happy finger and plenty of film. There you get to know the goats, the sheep, the cow suckling a calf, and some pigs. You walk back toward the main camp and find that you notice everything and become intimately acquainted with everything surrounding you: the sweating bodies of the construction crew, the infants playing with their toes, a proud figure perched atop a trotting horse, the movement of someone serving a tennis ball, the patterns of trees on either side of the road, or a modern dance class (its leotarded figures as much a model for a camera as for a pad and charcoal).

People and nature all around...so amazing, so wonderful... the interpretations that occur in drawing sometimes
do them an injustice. The perfection of a photograph lies
in capturing true intricacies, detail and design. A photograph captures the phenomenon of man in the birth of a
child, the phenomenon of nature every time a flower blossoms or a tree is planted.

Love, Riva



Dear Carol,

I'm having a good summer. I spend most of my time at the stables. My favorite horse is Lucia, a chest-nut saddlebred. She's beautiful; I feel so proud when I ride her. Last week a nearby field was moved down and made into a hunt field. A few days ago I jumped hurdles that were from two to three feet high.

The riding instructor, Red, always kids around. At first I resented this. I really wanted to improve my riding and I didn't see how joking and riding could fit together. Then I realized that his jokes gave me confidence in myself and lessened my fear of horses. For example, chasing after people on horseback in the fields frightened me at first; but now it's an added enjoyment. I'm much more relaxed about riding.

Every Wednesday night is jumping night. We ride be reback at the start of the lesson. Riding bare-back is much easier and smoother than riding with a saddle. I still get frightened sometimes. I think I might fall off. I was discouraged, and thought I'd never improve, but as time goes on I can feel my back straightening and my legs remaining in the correct position.

Next week is the horse show. Some people enter a horse show to prove themselves to others. For me a horse show is a time to prove myself to myself. I won't be disappointed if I don't come out with a ribbon; I want to feel I ve done my best. The show will be a good experience because I'll have to learn to be at ease while performing for strangers. It will be a good chance to see if I ve improved.

Love,

Backera

Dear Joanie,

Words, words, words! I use them all the time, yet I usually write blindly, not realizing how much I actually put into what I write. Every once in a while, as I do now, I get an inkling of the loaded content, for I feel so much freer when I have moved strong emotions from mind to paper. It is good to know that when the ideas that fill my mind burst their confines they can be captured and held on paper. It is also good to know that, if I shade and shape my words, I can make them understandable to others and convey what thoughts and ideas I wish to convey.

I read some poems yesterday by Linda Levy, a CIT up here, that were very meaningful. Each one touched a different subject--each one made me see and feel. In one, I saw the brilliant contrast between a snowy, quiet, peaceful world and a fiery sunset---the life the light brings to dullness, the short time it lasts:

A silent world
Too peaceful
Too hushed.
But fire commanded the horizon--a fire of life, of action, of promise.

In another I felt the joy of freedom and youth, the way one wants to run and jump with bursting happiness. To capture a sight, to create a mood, to convey ideas, to probe into various aspects of life---Joanie, that is writing!

Here at Buck's Rock there are no definite assignments, no time schedule, no pressure. With such freedom, I have learned to want to create. I forget the drudgery of classroom work and am left only with the enjoyment of creating with words. Even Mr. Taussig, my best English teacher, did not have the time or place to go over my work as Lou does. I need him to point out my personal faults, frequent vagueness or lack of description. And when these faults are corrected, I feel satisfied with my work. Then I feel that I have shaped words instead of letting words shape me.

Love,



Dear Ken,

It was great seeing you on Saturday, but I must admit that something you said during the day upset me. You told me that you didn't see what campers could do or were doing at Buck's Rock. Instead of answering you at that time, I decided to wait and try to explain how I felt in a letter. I suppose Buck's Rock is an entirely different place to a visitor coming here for a few hours on a Saturday than it is to a camper living here.

Take the girl who's passing by right now, carrying a poster that advertises the Lampoon. If a visitor were to see her, he would be unable to make a connection between the poster and the work behind it.

The lampoon is a magazine that satirizes Buck's Rock. The material is written in groups, for the most part, although some individual writing is done. Meetings are held every day so that all writers know what progress has been made, so they can improve and co-ordinate each other's work. At the same time, photographers and artists work on the visual parts of the magazine. Next, typists and mimeographers go to work to publish what has been created, and, finally, a group of people get together to form an idea for publicity. Posters are made and now this girl, passing me, is going to staple one on the social hall porch.

Though I have described what is probably a typical project, I haven't really explained what the philosophy of the camp is and how it operates. There are all kinds of opportunities available and though a camper is never forced, he is encouraged to take advantage of them. You participate because you realize that you may never again be exposed to such outstanding facilities and to such helpful counselors. But the true beauty of Buck's Rock is that the individual at all times makes his own decisions and choices. I hope you understand what I've tried to say and that I have changed your impression of Buck's Rock.

Love,

Nendy

Dear Marilyn,

It is very hard to get into the swing of things here at Buck's Rock, but once you do, you never want to leave it. I'm beginning to find myself, and to feel self satisfaction, something I have not felt in an awfully long while. Kids here are so different from the stereotype of the American teenager. There are those who create and those who choose to watch and learn from others who create. Some like to dabble in everything; others don't want to dabble but would rather perfect.

Our camp director, Ernst, believes that human beings are basically creative, and that their creativity should be given the chance to flourish. Unfortunately, the pressures and responsibilities of modern living prevent many people from committing themselves to a creative life. The creative teenager is usually classified as eccentric, beat, or antisocial.

At Buck's Rock, the creative life is more the norm, but it is not without its problems. When I first arrived, painting and tennis were my major interests, and I tried to put my soul "into all I was doing in these areas. What resulted was phony art and faulty tennis. I soon understood that the word creativity, in itself, is meaningless; creativity requires direction.

I found the direction during a tennis lesson. Marty, our tennis instructor, said that I had to discipline my playing if I wanted to get any kind of results. (Those weren't his exact words, but that's how I heard them.) It was then that I understood that only through discipline could I achieve anything and that only through guidance could I achieve discipline. Buck's Rock has taught me much; it has given me the guidance I sought.

I don't really know how to get all of this into words but, Marilyn, I'm trying. At a creative camp, what more can one do?

Au Revoir,

Pina

Dear Paul,

So you thought I'd be inactive this summer, eh? How wrong you were. The Print Shop is keeping me plenty busy, and I have been participating in music in my spare time. I not only have justifying, typing, stenciling, and proofing, but chamber music, chorus accompaniment, piano ensemble, and my own practicing.

To add to my musical activity, a chamber music concert was held last Friday night, and, four days earlier, I was informed that I was to play a piano solo. I chose the piece most familiar to me, Beathoven's "Tempest Sonafa," and then spent the rest of the week in hurried polishing after a month's layaoff.

This lack of honest preparation left me no time to be as nervous as I usually am before recitals. However, while waiting to go on, my calmness left rapidly. As I visualized the keys in my mind and tried also to visualize my fingers running through the composition, I was shocked to realize that I could not play the second passage.

Again and again I set the keys and fingers in my mind, but could not manage the passage. This has happened at previous recitals, and each time the real feel of the keys almost magically brought the piece back to my mind. Finally, when the last strains of the orchestra died, I took my place at the piano, prepared or no.

To make a long story short, the whole performance was a disappointment. Sure enough, I didn't get through the second passage right, and throughout the whole piece I made mistakes with alarming frequency. Fortunately, the mistakes didn't throw me off enough to ruin the whole thing. At long last, I finished the ordeal with a great sigh of relief. I knew that I had not played nearly as well as I could have, but I also knew that a large number of listeners couldn't even tell. I was dissatisfied, though, because my attitude is not, "Laymen-what do they know?" I was concerned with how the performance would sound to one interested in music, and more importantly, how it would sound to myself.

My dissatisfaction didn't last long. One number later, I performed a Mozart duet that went over well and fowards the end of the program I played in a Divaldi Chamber Group, which more than made up for my disappointment. However, I still am irked when I think of the Beethoven solo and what "might have been" -- the saddest words of tongue or pen, n'est-ce pas?

I must go now -- I'm practicing a Beethoven duet for next week's recital.

Yours with love and squalor,

Rucky





Dear Joan,

Comment ça va? You don't sound too happy this summer.

I'll try to cheer you up.

Usually every area of camp is filled with the sound of music, giggling, hammers, babies. And the farm usual-ly is full of kids, counselors and, of course, the animals. But last night the farm was a quiet place though full of people and animals. Word got around that the calf was being born and we all stormed up to the farm. When we got there we quieted down. It was very still and we waited very hard for the calf's birth.

When the calf was finally born there were signs of relief, hands released, fingers uncrossed. It was like the seconds after finals. Remember? We'd all wait a minute and then the tension would go away. Not loudly but it would leave.

We watched the calf move, take its first steps. It was a good night.

Does this cheer you any? Write if you can.

Boblic







LEAR: Peace, Kent!

Come not between the Dragon and his wrath.

I loved her most and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her!



EDGAR: But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

GLOUCESTER: As flies to wanton boys, are we to thi gods,
They kill us for their sport.



Dear Dev,

This letter may sound kind of strange and unconnected, but I've just finished a long and very interesting conversation with a very good friend of mine.

I've often wondered what makes for a really great friend or person: is it intelligence, common interests, literary, artistic, or creative interests or knowledge, the people he or she chooses to be friends with, or is it something inert, inborn---something that doesn't necessarily require intellectuality, very high intelligence, or many of the other qualities which we usually look for in choosing and seeking friends? I think I have been given some very strong evidence to support the latter idea.

I have a very close friend at camp: a tall, redheaded kid named Greg. True, he is quite intelligent, but he's no genius; true, he likes a lot of classical music and enjoys good books, but he's no music or literary connoisseur (far from it); true, the friends he does have are all very nice and pleasant, but they're nothing great, and he usually keeps to himself; true he has some artistic talent, but he's no creative genius; what he does possess are some amazing qualities and gifts that make him a beautiful person.

Some of these are his forthrightness, his common sense, and his levelheadedness. Whenever he does something, there's always a reason that is real and true to himself: never just for impression or show; whenever there's a problem, he keeps his head while everyone else starts running, and after a little while he comes out with a solution which is reasonable, practical, and acceptable. Even though he hever read a word about psychology and never pretends that he did, he has often analyzed my problems and those of his friends in the same calm fashion, and has come to conclusions about the nature of the problem and its cure which a trained psychologist wouldn't be able to think of. All of this is due to an inborn trait——one of understanding the emotions and thoughts of others.

Related to this, but perhaps even more important, is his ability to cheer people up. Most of this after-

noon he was telling me how he used his own brand of psychology on his father, to cheer him up when he came visiting and was in a terribly grumpy mood. His methods were really beautiful and disclosed a very important idea about people to me.

This, perhaps, might be called my main argument against certain people in this camp who, through narrow-mindedness, snobbishness, and a false idea of elite-ness, would reject and frown upon Greg, because to the outside eye he doesn't seem "arty," intellect-ual, or high-class, and thus is not worthy of their attention or friendship. What I dislike is not that they aren't friends with him, but that they would never give themselves a chance to see what he really is like, because they would form false impressions about his "value."

And for all of their creativity, intelligence, and intellectuality, they don't approach him as a person—that is, a human being who is capable of understanding other human beings and of helping them.

If nothing else, this summer I have achieved an independence from cliques, especially those composed of people who form cliques because they need Others like themselves to reassure them that they are the "elite," and that they are truly great. This independence is largely due to people I've met who accept me and others for what they really are——outside and inside. For this, I am largely indebted to people like Lydia, like Sylvia, like Mark, like Julie, like Barry, and like you.

Perhaps this isn't so bad for one summer.

Love,

Kichard

An Open Letter

A photograph laughs, cries, and smiles.

It shows the world for what it is, and hides nothing. It may recall a friend, or a place, or a special day. It will someday become the memory of a moment.

Credits

PAINTINGS	Jessica Myers Shola Friedensohn Margaret Lazarus Barbara Gould Wendy Parmet	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOSI	Dan Shaw Lynda Steinberg Shop Photo Dan Shaw	(top) (bottom)
PHOTOS2	Andy Gollup Dan Shaw Larry Lifschultz Warren Churg Bob Solomon	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS 3	Peter Kent Dave Bearg Holly Tannen Holly Tannen	(top) (bottom)
JEWELRY	Margaret Rosenblum Liz Burrows Bob Rothberg Arlene Paley Margaret Rosenblum Margaret Rosenblum Margaret Rosenblum	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS4	Dan Shaw Dan Shaw Shop Photo Dan Shaw Nina Silk	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS5	Warren Churg Bob Solomon Peter Kent Peter Kent Jeff Cahn	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS6	Dan Quat Lynda Steinberg Shop Photo Bill Rubenstein	(top) (bottom)
SCUL PTURE and CERAMICS	Seth Ingram Rebecca Gothelf Beryl Schulman Ken Goldstrom Lloyd Newman Julia Diamant	(top) (bottom)

All photography under the supervision of the Photo Shop

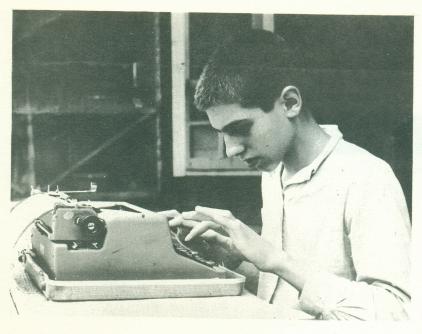






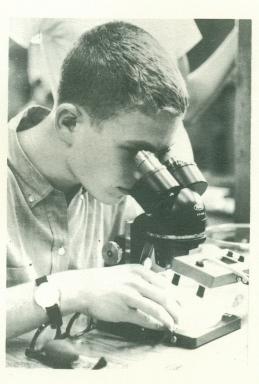
















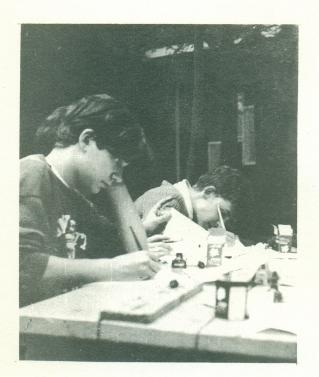
















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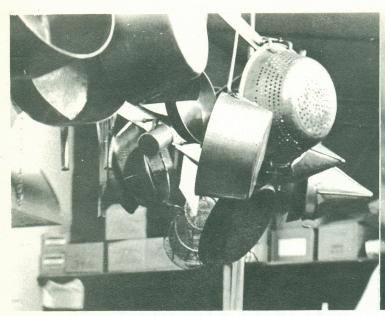


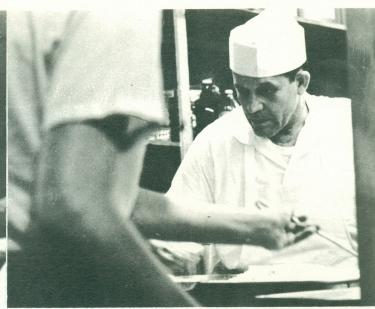










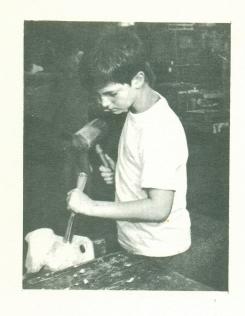








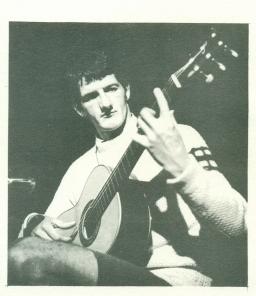
































We write to those we love and those we wish to know

Dear Ilana

Dear Nom

Dear Jerry

Dear Father

Dear Wother

Dear Mother and Father.

Dear Debbie

To Franz Josef, etc. .. John Yohalem

Dear Mr. Wilder

Dear Winnie-the-Pooh .. Sally Stein

Dear Proust

Dear Sammy

To All Children

Lydia Churgin

A daughter

Alan Barysh

Alexander Seldin

.. Bobbie Handler

Mike Seidman

.. Rebecca White

Julia Diamant

.. Barry Fruchter

.. Douglas Gladstone and Mark Chenven

.. Sally Stein



Dear Ilana,

It has been a long time since I sat down, took up a piece of paper and a pen, and wrote a letter. A stream of music continually floods my mind. The sounds make my limbs move in unison. The music makes me stand and dance.

Through movement one can find himself. Dancing---straining and contracting my body, using each muscle completely until it becomes flexible, relaxing when all the tension is released---makes me feel as though I have involved my whole self. Leaps and jumps are not just exercises. They are actions that demand one's complete attention.

Dancing can also be a form of expression. Last year I tried to choreograph the life cycle (birth, man's nee's, and death) through my dance, "Night Journey." This year I attempted to create a dance on a similar theme. Since I have my own particular style of dancing, the movements were too similar and the new dance became a mere repetition of the old. Only this time it wasn't as flowing or as strong. It was lyrical though and it contained a certain dreamy quality that I had always wanted to capture. Now I am listening to music. I do not know whether I will make up another dance. Perhaps I will. But even if I do not, I will continue attending classes.

eleven hugs and kisses

Love,

Ay dia last as a solution of the solution of t

Dear Moms

I was quite upset after you left on Saturday. When I discussed the MARCH ON WASHINGTON, I felt sure that you would agree to let me $g \bullet \cdot$ Instead you cut up all my arguments and produced many others as to why I should not $g \circ \cdot$

I had expected you to raise the standard •bjections. Although you had some other good reasons, you didn't seem to consider that there might be any truth in my opinions. You said that the money could be used to helf Negroes: to improve educational opportunities and to support Freedom Riders. You argued that the time could be spent to organize a campaign to raise money for the tuition of Negroes at the University of Georgia.

At the time, I wasn't well informed and couldn't argue, so I had only one choice——to agree with you. I now feel more qualified to take up the argument. One of your protests was that many of the participants in the march would be picketing just for the fun of it. Even if one doesn't know too much about the situation, one would hopefully be able to learn on the trip, since there will be meetings, speeches, and a lot of reading material available.

There are many ways of helping to achieve total equality. You have suggested quite a few, but you don't seem to recognize that the march is a demonstration of strength. It goes beyond the individual problems——jobs, education, housing——and shows our nation and the world that integration must be achieved NOW.

Now that I can look at both sides fairly, I feel that you were partially right. It's true that your arguments show a practical approach to furthering the movement, rather than the emotional "show of strength" in this approach. But, maybe I should have been allowed to go and decide that for myself after the march. It's hard to have my ideas all worked out and then have them disproved just like that. I was left with a blank feeling... five minutes earlier I was set in my convictions and then I was agreeing with you without even a fight. I guess you were right to voice your opinions, but it did hurt.

Please remember that it's very hard to grow up.

Love,

From a daughter who's just beginning to grow up.



Dear Father,

When I heard the good news that a test-ban treaty had been agreed upon, I thought for quite a while about its significance...thought so long that I could not sleep. I remembered the times that I had spoken to others my age about the bomb——how it could destroy mankind and the world. I was convinced then that I was facing the problem realistically, that I foresaw and felt the tragedy of it all. But now, but now, I wonder.

I think of last year, when my friends and I received letters of acceptance from the high schools to
which we had applied. Did we for one moment, one lone
instant, consider that we might never enter these
schools...might never reach college...pursue our life's
work...marry...have children...reap all the benefits
of a good long life?

The world is too old to die like this, we thought. We dismissed the subject as if it were safe to let our all-knowing leaders work things out for us.

I've suddenly come to realize that thave a right to live, to walk like a man. I can't just roll up in a ball and wait for the end. Only why, why have you laid upon me, your child, the weight of this unhappyworld?

Your son,

Dear Jerry,

Well, it's the end of the summer and I'll be going back to Buxton. I don't know what this year will be like, but I do know that the school will not be the same without you and I mean this from the bottom of my heart.

This is probably my last year at Buck's Rock as a camper (or I hope it is), for next year I will be old enough to be a junior counselor. It kind of frightens me to know that I am getting old so soon and that I really don't have any more time to hack around or to be a lazy slob. When I go back to school, I will be expected to work harder and not to be so careless about my work. I wonder if I'll be able to do it this year. I hope so, but I'm not sure.

I don't want to bog you down with my problems. You probably have your own (I wish packing for Italy were my problem). Have a great time.

Your student,

alon Barysh



Dear Mother,

Today I sat in the shade on the hill. At times I thought, but it got tiring. My head would fill with ideas; then, I just wanted to look at people. Camp seemed quiet. The heat wave had passed and a cool breeze tossed leaves around.

Outside the Boys! House there was a badminton game going on. Two boys were deeply involved in the game. The two figures shared an experience—they seemed as free as the birdie flying across the net, not knowing why.

A visiting father walked beside his daughter. He came from the city and was quite tired from a morning of traveling. A jacket hung over a shoulder of his unbuttoned shirt. His free arm lay across his daughter's shoulders. Her hair was braided like a child's yet the man knew that this person had the mind and body of an older person. They slowly vanished down the road. I thought of my own father and the strong tie of love that unites us.

Nother, life is pretty good. I'm glad I have learned to enjoy it. So many people up here feel differently. To them fifteen years is a long time, maybe too long. They are tired and want to rest. I hope to keep moving.

Joul

Bobbic

P.S. Maybe the next letter will be a newsy one.

just a second. Then Manings recovered, ran intellectual rings around the girl, and it was gone. But for that second it had been there. The blind search for expression and truth had come to the surface for a frightening moment and then receded into the subconscious.

Perhaps now it is easier to understand why so many people feel guilty and depressed here. For it is never easy to question. We question others, but more often we question ourselves. There are many who are dishonest, yet all are looking for honesty. We are searching for what we really are, and for what we shall someday become. It is difficult to face our limitations at home, but it is even more difficult to face our unlimited potential at camp.

But in re-reading my letter, I see that I have failed again. I suppose I shall always have to search, for I shall never understand.

Love,

mike

Dear Debbie,

I'm finding dance this summer more difficult than I had expected. Last winter, when I decided to give up ballet as a career, I promised myself that I would study other forms of dance. However, the disciplines of ballet and modern dance are so different and ballet movement has become so much a part of me, that in a period of eight weeks it is impossible to completely displace it.

In class I find that the simplest exercises turn out all wrong. There are so many new techniques to concentrate on and to remember: to keep your hips in the same place when you contract, to keep your feet flexed. Muriell talks about putting life into the movements, more color, more interpretation—all this just for the warm—ups. How can I do this when I'm having so much trouble with the exercises themselves?

Do you remember that I used to feel so guilty whenever I missed a class last winter? In fact, the presure from ballet class was so great that I wasn't enjoying classes as much as I once did. When I got to camp, I was afraid to miss a single class. In camp and at home I lived dance and confined myself to that very small world.

I'm slowly losing interest in modern dance because of my lack of technique and I'm beginning to see all the other activities that Buck's Rock has to offer: I've made two pieces in the silver shop, I'm in the madrigal group and chorus, and I've been trying out most of the shops. I still take lessons and I have choreographed, but I'm enjoying the summer much more, now that I'm living in a bigger world.

I'll see you at Festival.

Much love,

Rebecca



To: His Imperial Majesty, Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Grand Duke of Lombardy.

From: His Majesty's Fan Club President, John Yohalem

Your Highness:

In regard to the Fan Club, we are not in a very good position. Most of the people here don't take the Fan Club seriously, and those who do are horrified by your claim to the United States. Couldn't you work for re-instatement in Austria-Hungary for a starter, and try for the rest later? Remember what happened to your brother in Mexico.

Another reason people don't join is that Buck's Rock is a creative camp, and it is awfully hard to create European History.

As to your suggestion that we give titles to members, I don't believe it will work. The average American adolescent isn't interested. But I am not average. How about it?

Forgetting the Fan Club for a moment, I think you have the wrong idea of Buck's Rock. You know those poems I've been sending you that you don't like because they don't rhyme or tell much of a story? Those are mine! This camp advocates that kind of poetry. You must realize that it's 1963, not 1852!

This modern music and art, I'll agree, is terrible. No one will ever replace Strauss or Courbet. You must have better than rock in roll or neo-impressionism, wherever you are.

By the way, where are you? Best wishes to Sist and the children.

Your supporter and loyal servant,

John Yohalem

Post Scriptus: If you have any suggestions, send them to me, J.H.Y...

Dear Mr. Wilder,

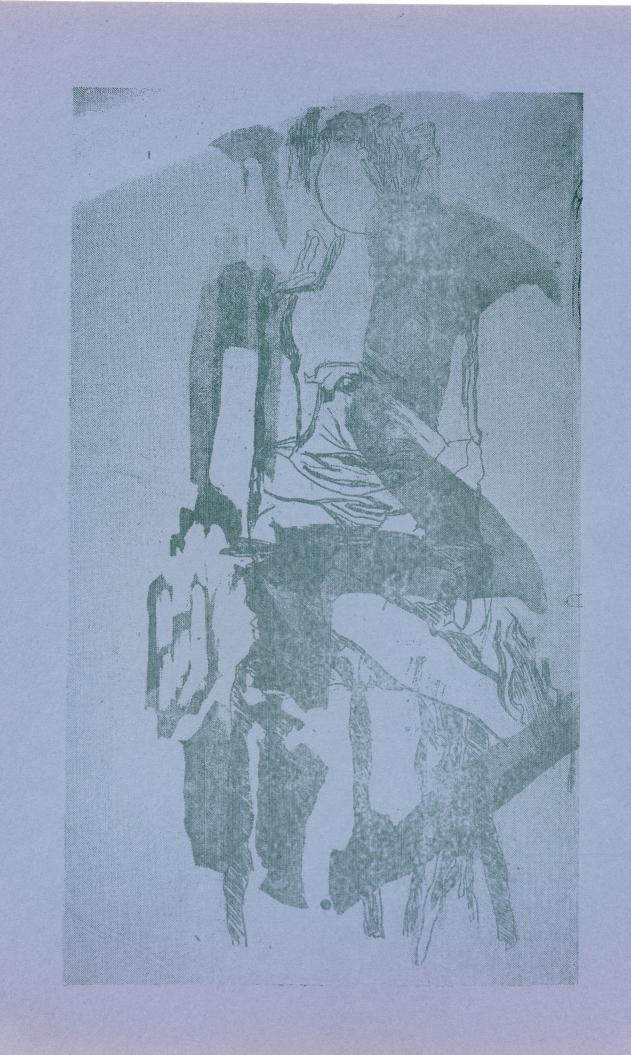
I would like to share an experience with you. It began two weeks ago, when I was chosen for the role of Ma Kirby in our camp production of "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." It was the first major role I had received and I was very excited.

When I first read through the play, my impression of Ma Kirby was quite different from the feelings I now have. She seemed to be a small town type——simple, unsophisticated, and rigid. Because of my superficial understanding, I was a little ashamed of the character I had been chosen to portray. However, through each rehearsal, I learned more about her character and I grew to love and respect her. I realized that Ma Kirby had a warm, strong, courageous personality. Her devotion to each member of her family made her a beautiful person. I tried very hard to capture these qualities and to present her spirit as you had intended it.

I suppose I was fairly successful. Last night we presented the play and everyone loved it. They congratulated me on giving a "wonderful" performance. This did not compensate for the emptiness I felt then and now. I had grown to be part of that woman and when the play was over, I felt as though part of me had been taken away. I shall never forget Ma Kirby and the happy journey she took. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to meet her, know her, and be her.

Sincerely,

Julia Diamant



Dear Winnie-the-Pooh,

After careful consideration and discussion with Ernst and the staff, we have decided to make our C.I.T. group complete by asking you to come to Buck's Rock in the summer of 1964. We are writing you early so that you won't make any conflicting engagements with Owl, Eeyore, Tigger, Rabbit, or any of his friends or relations.

Because of your experience and age we are inviting you to come as our C.I.T.. We thought you would enjoy the Print Shop where, three times a week, you will give poetry seminars discussing some of your works.

We think it only fair to acquaint you with some of the rules you would have to live by during the summer:

- I) Since the kitchen runs on a very tight schedule, Mrs. Tavalin won't permit supposedly mature people running in to snitch food at all hours of the day. You are accustomed to having "an eleven o'clock little something" (usually HUNNY); we are sorry to say we cannot accommodate you.
- 2) This summer, Ernst stated his disapproval of the fashionable saying, "I'm less talented than everybody else." Therefore, for the summer, you will have to forego your usual announcement that you are a bear of very little brain.
- 3) Ernst tries to give all campers as much freedom as possible, so you are allowed to go to New Milford or Conn's at most any time of the day. However, after talking the matter over with Ernst, we have decided that you will also have to forego your expotitions to the North Pole on account of their time consuming and dangerous nature.

We are very sorry that we are not able to accommodate all your friends from the 100 aker wood, but we feel confident of your ability to make new ones.

Kindly inform us of your decision. If you decide to come, have Christopher Robin send 12 bottles of HUNNY as a deposit.

Sincerely,

ALEX

Dear Proust,

I feel that I have accumulated enough experiences here to last me a good many years of mental and verbal diges—tion... Being ever so slightly sick at Buck's Rock is a weird, half-real phenomenon which involves being admitted to the white clapboard "infirmary," nearly a mile from the center of camp. There were four or five miniscule rooms opening on a short, narrow hallway: I had the sensation of being in a stationary ocean liner, or even—on a day when the clouds are heavy—in a motionless sub—marine. The aqua-purposeless walls are overclean and overquiet—they are so solidly green—blue as to offer no cracks or patches to relieve the eye.

During the time I was allowed to spend on the porch,
I would look forward to meals; during the mandatory twohour "rest period," I would anxiously await "porch-sitting"
time. During the antiseptic, lukewarm night, I would sleep
soundly for almost one hour, and then be awake, mulling
over in my mind the constantly multiplying number of things.
I had to do. I could not bring myself to work on things
of the present: writing would become a torturous exercise;
reading was merely a sedative, as I could not concentrate
on more than three pages without daydreaming.

I felt incapable of thanking my visitors, who were in an awkward position because of a long-standing (though

unenforceable) rule banning visits to patients.

Private conversation was rendered impossible by the presence of the two nurses, floating in the back—ground like a Greek chorus. I kept imagining that the nurses were hoarding a fresh supply of frustrations and anger, and that they would explode at me the moment that the illegal visitors left. What with all the presents—candy, teddy bears, and laurel wreaths—I was at the point of jumping out of my skin with boredom. The doctor—an alien on a visit to our small, sterile planet—was too nonchalant about saying that I might leave the infirmary. It was as if he were feeling guilty about carrying out so uncomplicated an action: I also had a vague fear of snubbing the nurses by rushing out.

It will take a while to penetrate, but I have <u>really</u> been confined, and I am <u>really</u> "free" now. I will need quite a bit of taking in the sky and the mushrooms and the woods and the world to erase the dregs of the "time I used to go to bed early..."

Best of summers,

Barry

Dear Sammy,

Hi. I think your poetry is great. Me and Prune think that that bit,"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", is just the mostest. When are you going to write something else like that? Was the lady angel of death any relation? If she is, I'm glad I'm not in your family. She reminds me so much of my Aunt Zelda, and that's prefty bad.

Our poetry is almost as good as yours. At least we think so (me and Prune). We write mostly about great crates. Now Prune would like to tell you some of our poetry.

If is a cheerful camper
That stop's f at Social Hall
And signs up on the pink charf:
He wants to have a ball.

The Wood Shop's doors are open wide, Jo Jochnowifz within. Confestants met, the crates are set Hear the hammering begin.

Jo grabs him with a skinny hand "There was a crafe," quoth he. "Hold off: unhand me mustached goon," And then his hand dropped he.

Jo holds him with a piercing eye, The camper stands stark still; He listens like a liftle child, Jo hath won his will.

The camper sits down on a stool He has not choice but listen. Thus on spoke that ancient man, Oh, how Jo's eyes do glisten.

"The crafe was cheered, the race frack cleared, Merril, did we start.
Around the bend, below the hill As swiftly as a dart.

"The furn if would wind to the left And through the furn he drove. He fraveled bright and stayed at right And thought of the praise he'd love."

"Faster, faster each minute, One eighth the trip done, The praise we sought, oh, captain dear Will not be quickly won."

The camper's straining at his leash But Jo still holds him fast.

"Af length there sat a small black cat On where the hood was set, As if it were a Jewish soul We called, 'Monette, Monette.'

"If afe the food if ne'er had afe As round and round we flew.
The storm did splif with a thunder fit Our driver steered us through.

"And good, clear skies sprung up above And the caf did creep, Every day for food or play Came to the Great Crate heap."

God save thee, Joseph Jochnowitz, From the fiends that make thee so set. "I took a life with my jackknife, ... I killed the poor Monette."

A clear, blue sky sfill stayed above Buf no sweet caf did follow Nor any day for food or play Came to Jo's hello.

"I had done a hellish fhing And if would cause fhem woe, My soul was smiffen, I killed fhe kiffen Thaf made fhe skies sfay clear."

So now you see what comes from poets who don't complete their work. Joseph would still have a kiften hanging on his neck if it hadn't been for you who completed the poem by allowing Jo to rid himself of the kiften and begin a new life as a counselor. It seems that he didn't learn his lesson.

Yours.

ME + PALNE

To All Children:

If you have ever read The Little Prince, I'm sure you will remember the time the prince demands that the aviator draw him a sheep. After many attempts, the aviator produces a box in which the sheep lives, and the prince is overjoyed. Well, my story concerns the box.

All children have their boxes in which their hopes, aspirations, and most important fantasies dwell. These dwellers seem vague to children; growing up seems far off, so they resort to "building castles in the sky." Lonely as a child may be, he can always rely on his castles for friends and so his hopes become firmer and he in turn becomes surer of himself.

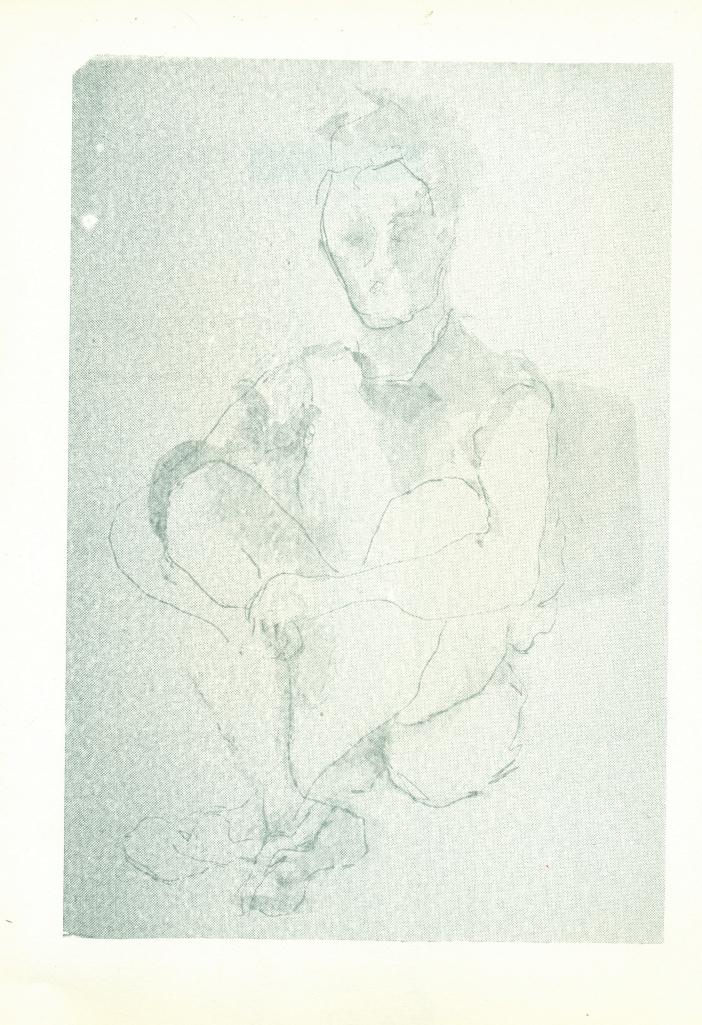
When your castles start to crumble, you will be tempted to tear open your box to see what's really in it... but stop! With total reality you forfeit your hopes and dreams, and without these life is not worth living.

Unfortunately, your box may be open. Then you are old.

With love,

DALLY

P.S. Alex Jax is only my box.



Thanks to

NURSES Anna Surasky
Ann Fanning
Susan Zik

DOCTOR . Dr. Noah Barysh

CHEF Bill Brady

SECOND COOK . John Padron

BAKER . Cris Beyer

KITCHEN STAFF

Richard Paplham
Powell Woodson
James Hardy
Gerald Howard
Callixtus E. Ita
Joseph N. Okeke
Olusegun Olusanya
Appollo A. Wakiaga

DINING ROOM STAFF . Anne Tavalin Sara Gothelf Russell Forest

OFFICE

Doris Adler

Sophia Bonfield

Adele Ganis

SHOPPER . Robbie Temes

ELECTRICAL . Alan Hack

MAINTENANCE . Oscar Nelson Gordon Freund Edward Menifee

CLEANING WOMEN

Dorothy Cullen
Annetta McAlly
Ada Delancy
Victoria Talbot
Jessie Goldspink

We remember

Our shifty girls

O Jochnowitz, my Jochnowitz

O Jo-w-a-a-annnnnnnnnn

In toto? In tutu? Wha?

Mama

Poly-parted and happy-hearted Twirping Twitch

CIT-JC game

Beryl

Gauloises Cigarettes

Cheryl

You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, Jack

Schmeryl

gentian violet

hammed-up turkey dinner

The Singing Cabinet

Herz in Pink Tights

Pluck your magic twanger, Fruchter

Silly girls in Silly bunks listening to Silly music setting their Silly hair with their Silly lights on

PETER PAN

Which hand has the NMB :?

lace panties in the incinerator

Going to the Zoo

The Bookmark Production Unit

tearing off butterfly wings

Gee, I wish Superman were here!

Militancy: Is integration the answer?

precipitation

P.S.

From the first all-camp meeting (held at night because of the Sahara-like weather) to the last decorations for Festival, this has been a summer of seeing, of listening, of tasting, of getting out and doing.

Bill Korff once again directed the Buck's Rock Summer Play-house. Under the spotlights, we enjoyed J.B., Archibald MacLeish's probe into the nature of the God-man relationship; Childhood, The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden, and Pullman Car Hiawatha, three one-act plays by Thornton Wilder; Max Frisch's The Firebugs, an allegory concerning man's inability to see the evil about him; and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, a farce by Moliere. Under the oak tree, Steve Kleid conducted regular sessions of the Actors Workshop, Alan Manings discussed television programming, Jim Slater lectured on the personality and poetry of Walt Whitman, and Chuck Stein read and discussed his own poetry.

Movies included O'Neill's Mourning Becomes Electra; Anatomy of a Murder, with James Stewart; The Mouse That Roared and I'm All Right, Jack, both comedies starring Peter Sellers; Petrified Forest starring Humphrey Bogart; and Rebecca, with Joan Fontaine.

Some of the topics under discussion in our weekly forums, led by Hal Ewen and Lou Simon, were "Integration: Is Militancy the Answer?" "Nazis, Jews, and the Eichmann Trial," "Should the Teachers Strike?" and "Are Parents Necessary?" Professor Scott Wright talked rather informally on "Art and the Adolescent," followed a few days later by Jack Schenberg's general discussion entitled, "Are Adolescents Necessary? Are Art Teachers Necessary? Is Art Necessary?" Among our other guests were solo clarinetist Milton Moskowitz, artist Elias Friedensohn, modern dancer Sophie Maslow, and musicians Mike and Kay Jaffee.

Muriel Manings' dancers presented a technique demonstration and Dance Night. Under the supervision of David Katz and Vic Rosov, various chamber groups and soloists gave two concerts in our Dance Studio and the Madrigal Group sang in houses of worship in New Milford. The WLAD broadcast (and the next evening's concert on the New Milford Green) featured works by Bach, Frescobaldi, Beethoven, Gliere, Schubert, Tschaikowsky, and others. Buck's Rock was once again visited by Reverend Gary Davis and Elizabethan balladeer John Winn, as well as by

Mourning becomes Buck's Rock

HORMOTONE, HORMOTONE

soft-shelled crabs

why duH?

Has anybody seen Harry Greenberger's mind?

Jack Sonenberg with his international reputation on the continent

There's a high tree HI, TREE

do not open until Christmas

F F The magic bun-warmer

Having a cupcake, having a peach, and of course, only taking one of each.

bob dylan

LIONEL

What'd I Say

Dan Opatoshu and his lemon meringue...

the annex r

Willa Woo and her Magic Mushrooms

0

(Boo)

shoes not to be worn in front of the nurse o

haircuts

В

the ambulance

pre-dawn gambling

Paul Hirsch eloping with Oscar's niece

isch eroping with Oscar's niece

Hark, hark, I'm harking

0

ACE BANDAGES

the great crate race

the Phantom Poet

T get plastered

The House at Pooh C or

And That, My Dear Friends, Is That

Winnie Winston and the up-and-coming Tom Paxton.

Our scheduled Tanglewood visit was cancelled as a result of a downpour reminiscent of the Great Flood. On August 3rd, we did, however, witness an unusual performance of King Lear, starring Morris Carnovsky, at Stratford. The trip had been preceded by a series of seminars on the porch, presided over by Lou Simon.

Japanese woodcut classes were held at the Art Shop, as were the usual sketch classes and watercolor classes. In the vicinity of the Print Shop, an innovation took place---calligraphy classes. The Wood Shop continued sculpture sessions and began a regularly held Architectural Design Class. More than 300 items were turned out by campers working in the Silver Shop. The popular philosopher-adventurer, Ed Douglas, became mentor of Model Airplane Building and Flying.

The Capable Construction Crew was kept hopping this secson, what with a new cabin for the Sackses, the Library-Weaving-Silkscreen Shop, and an expansion of the old Photo Lab. The farms had their usual weeks of toil---a calf was bern in July, hot corn and french fries were prepared, peas were shelled, potatoes were dug.

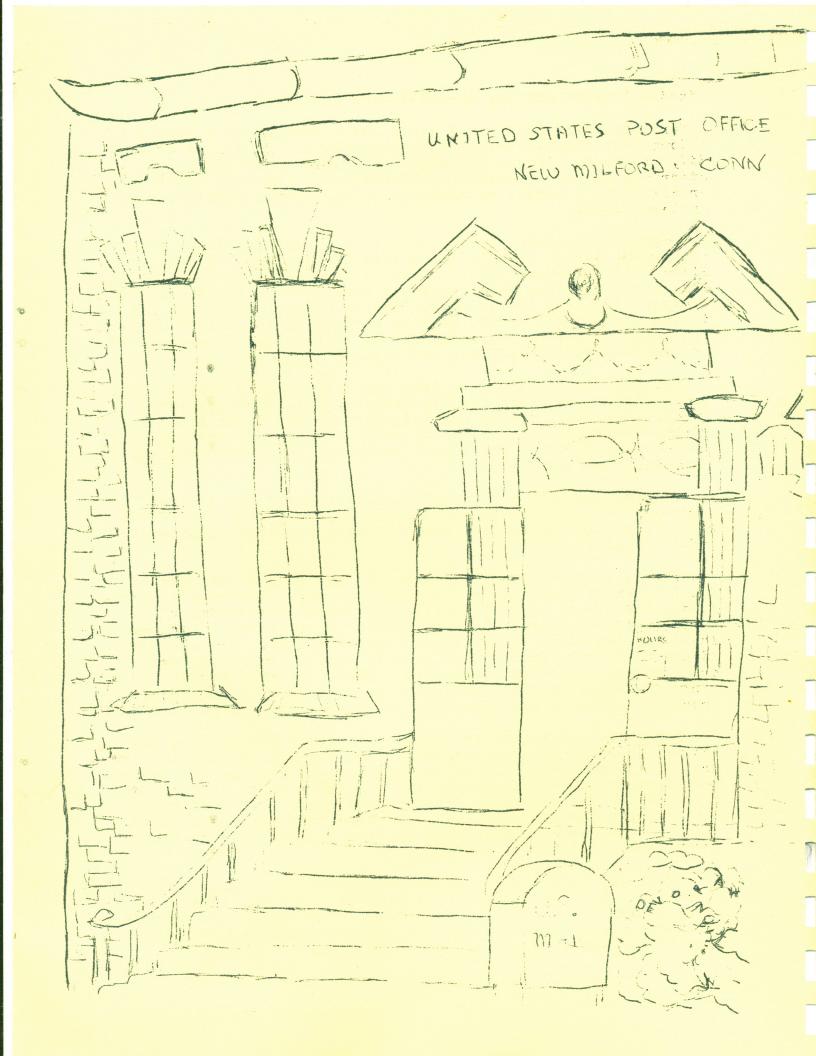
Campers queueing up for delicacies from our new cutdoer barbecue on Saturday evenings could enjoy all the sights and smells of Oscar's Garden, complete with sunflowers, pansies, and fishpond.

A popular weekly activity were the square and folk dances led by Barry Kornfeld on the tennis courts. The camp's sports facilities were greatly improved by the black-topping of the new tennis court and the installation of basketball backboards. Indeed, 1963 was a notable year for athletics. For the first time in memory, Buck's Rock brought home a trophy in tennis and scored victories in riflery. Under the able leadership of Bernie Unger, the Watermelon League continued to flourish, providing highly exciting, if not always professional softball.

For those interested in more intellectual activities, the Science Lab once again provided a diverse and stimulating program. In addition to studies in mammalian biology and individual projects, Sandy Jason's lab made impressive displays on poison ivy and mushrooms found around camp. The camp radio station, under Hal Ewen, had a particularly successful year. There were numerous panel discussions on contemporary issues and a wide variety of musio.

This is, most certainly, an incomplete journal. There will be many other experiences of a personal kind to "vibrate in the memory," but I will leave these to the individual reader... So much has occurred within this little community that it would be futile to attempt to record all.

Enjoy --





Goodbye, the Editors

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Boys

Steven Aaron Noel Adler Tom Avery	154 Beach 142 St. Neponsit 94,NY 34 Jasmine Lane Valley Stream,NY 244 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers, NY	NE4 3876 PY1 7846 SP9 3890	3/14 7/19
Walter Baigelman John Barman David Bearg Andrew Bernstein Stephen Bloom Joshua Bloomgarden	64-11 99 St. Rego Park 74, NY 7 W. 96 St. New York, 25, NY 145-35 13 Ave. Whitestone 57, NY 25 Colonial Rd. Bronxville, NY 195 Claremont Ave. New York, 27, N 114 Sutton Manor New Rochelle NY	TW6 9776 RI9 3634 LE9 0591 DE7 6172 Y MO3 0637 BE5 0044	7/14 11/7 7/3
Zachary Bloomgarder Robert Blumenson Richard Blyn Paul Bookbinder Fredric Brandfon	114 Sutton Manor, N. Rochelle, NY 350 1st Ave. New York 10, NY 30-16 229 St. Laurelton, NY 84-20 Midland Pkwy., Jamaica NY 84-03 168 Place, Jamaica NY	B. J. C)44 Al 46064 FIL 1354 RE9 1147 RE9 0036	3/30 12/1
John Bressler Robert Buchalter Clifford Burke Michael Burnham, Jr.	200 Parker Rd., Elizabeth NJ 112 Bengyfield Dr., E. Williston LT 12880 Pine Rd. N. Miami. Fla.	EL5 3513	7/7 8/22
Jeffrey Cahn Mark Chenven Warren Churg	124 W. 79 St. NY24 NY, 1290 Ocean Ave. Bklyn 30 NY 711 Ogden Ave. Teaneck NJ	EN2 7663 GE4 5434 TE6 0025	2/19 7/12 6/27
Bruce Dancis Andrew Dennis Rolf Diamant Myron Drazen Mark Dresner	2140 E. Tremont Ave. Bx 62 NY 51 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers NY 145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown NY 180 V. 58 St. NY19 NY 104-59 107 St. Ozone Pk. NY	TA2 0286 SP9 7560 ME1 2585 CI7 7538 VI3 5230	5/14 4/7 7/23 6/8
David Ewen	326 Broadway, Massapequa Pk. NY	LI1 2507	
David Filman David Fine Douglas Forrest Kenneth Friedman Lewis Frisch	538 Beach 132 St. Rockaway Pk. NY 1284 Fayette St. V. Englewood NJ 141 E. 89 St. NY28 NY 33-05 90 St. Jackson Hts. NY 196 Beach 142 St. Neponsit LI	TE6 1896 TE1 7501 OL1 2735 NE4 7171	10/22 6/10 4/19

David Gasman William Geiger Gilbert Geldon Paul Gellers Douglas Gladston Joseph Gladstone Michael Glasser Barry Goldstein Kenneth Goldstron Andy Gollup Andy Gowa Benjamin Grabe	131-32 Francis Lewis Blvd. Laurel 5 Cherry La. Great Neck NY 272 Webster Ave. Bklvn. 30 NY	NE2 56 TW7 81 NO4 43	9 2691 76 5/15 51 5/20 35 3 7132 18 57 56 60 3/24 08 5/19
Mitchell Halper Mark Hammerschlag Martin Holsinger William Horwitz Michael Hurewitz Steven Hurewitz	53 Coleridge St. Belyn 35 NY g 120 Cabrini Blvd. NY,NY 11 Caton Dr. Dayton 9, Ohio 750 Kappock St. NY63 NY 0-95 Midland Ave. Fair Lawn NJ 0-95 Midland Ave. Fair Lawn NJ	NI8 81' SW5 039 AX9 700 KI8 422 SW6 339 SW6 339	5/11 33 8/17 31 9/11 5 7/7
David Jacobson Carl Jacobson Harry Joelson Steven Jonas Peter Joseph	22 Fenimore Rd. Scarsdale NY 22 Fenimore Rd. Scarsdale NY 159 Derrom Ave Paterson 4, NJ Blair Academy Blairstown NJ 310 East Rd. Woodmere LI 261 Prince Ave. Freeport LI	SC5 181 SC5 181 LA5 113 FR4 109 FR8 601	4 2 4/21 8
Michael Kempster Mark Kleinman Ira Klemons	1148 Fifth Ave. NY28 NY 6784 Groton St. For, Hills 75 NY 200 Corbin Pl. Bklyn NY	SA2 212 B08 425 TW1 094	1 11/12.
John Laub Jonathan Lawrence Larry Lifschultz Jerry Lichtman	911 Frog Hollow Terrace Jenkintown 502 N. Brookside Ave. Freeport NY 220 Hommocks Rd.Lrchmnt.NY 215 V. 90 St. NY24 NY	FR8 353	5 12/31 2 8/10.
Robert Mackler Larry Martin Jonathan Miller James Moloshok Edward Moss Steven Moss	220-15 77 Ave. Bayside 64 NY 189-54 43 Rd. Flushing 58, NY 140 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn NY 8 East 96 St. NY28 NY 108-23 68 Dr. For. Hills NY 250 Beach 133 St. Belle Harbor 94 N	HO4 966 FL8 546 UL4 5866 EN9 098 LI4 0205 Y NE4 26	8/23 5 10/27

Sand Henri Kenri Scor	iel Nachtigal dy Naishtat ry Nass neth Newman tt Newrock nard Nowogrodzki	147-15 70Ave. Flushing 67, NY 40-10 44St. LI City 4, NY Stratford Rd. Harrison, NY 28 Stewart Ave. Nutley 1, NJ 8 Charles Lane Port Chester, NY 895 W. End Ave. New York 25, NY	ST6 WO7 NO7 WE7	1568 4225 1354 2756 5583 2576	4/11 1/28 5/21
	Ornitz er Orville	270 Riverside Dr. New York 25, NY 29 Shadow Lane Gt. Nk., NY	UN5 HU7	698 3 7280	1/26
Tony Andy And	ene Packer y Perutz y Polon rew Popper l Poresky	76 Kingsley Dr. Yonkers 2, NY Oneida Circle Harrison, NY 305 W. 86 St. New York 24, NY 199-18 58 Ave. Flushing 65, NY 2615 Wash. St. Allentown, Pa.	TE5 SU7 BA9	4487 1065 6888 8117 8493	5/6 2/8 10/27
Dann	ny Quat	16 Elliot Rd. Gt. Nk., NY	HU2	4158	5/19
Mich Tom Step Robe Stev Adam Will	neth Ribet nael Robbins Rosenbaum chen Rosenbush ert Rothberg ren Rosenthal n Rowen liam Rubenstein ard Rubin	267 Beach 141 St. Belle Harbor, NY 285 Central Pk. W. New York 24, NY 22 Woodbine Ave. Larchmont, NY 3720 Bedford Ave. Bklyn NY 69-26 171 St. Flushing 65, NY 8 Pebble Lane, Roslyn Heights NY 190 Surrey Rd. Hillside NJ 111-15 77 Rd. For. Hills 75, NY 1680 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. NY	SC4 TE4 DE8 OL7 MA1 EL3	3291 8035 0345 4237 1638 3534 7879 3888 2727	6/28 6/15 11/26 5/10 6/2 3/17 8/27 10/7
Jona Mark Bria Stev Mark Howa Marc Alex Dani Dean	e Sabinson athan Scheinbart a Schenker an Scherzer en Schindler and Schoenfeld ander Seldin el Shaw a Sheppard a Silverstein	16 Renfrew Ave. Westmount 6, Quebec 36 Sunset Rd. Gt. Neck NY 159 Beach 138 St. Rockaway Pk. NY 198 Myrtle Dr. Gt. Neck NY 179-06 75 Ave. Flushing 66 NY 285 Central Pk. W. NY 24 NY 3021 Ave. I, Bklyn 10, NY 40 Carriage La. Roslyn Hts, NY 4255 N. Meridian Ave., Miami Beach,	TR6 PR4 Cana HU7 NE4 HU7 RE9 TR3 CL8	8024 da HU9 0316 1744 3709 6834 3431 1097 6515	9/15 4/28 8491 2/18 2/18 2/21 13/7 6/13

Gregory Singer Daniel Sokol Mark Stewart Wayne Stix Clifford Strachman Paul Susman	7034-Utopia Pkwy. Flushing 65 NY 1522 E. 29 St., Bklyn. 29 NY 48 Club Dr., Roslyn Hts. NY 112 Carthage Rd., Scarsdale NY 27 Southern Rd., Hartsdale NY 3 William St., Gt. Neck NY	JA3 2218 CL2 5524 MA1 3990 SC3 6566 OW3 0130 HU2 2452	4/14 4/6 2/17
Peter Tavalin Ross Turin Gary Tutin	647 E. 14 St. NY 9 NY 755 Ocean Ave., Bklyn. 26 NY 577 Mayfair Dr. S., Bklyn. 34 NY	OR7 3470 IN9 0200 CL1 6074	11/23 5/21
Steven Weiss Josh Wilner Jeffrey Wollman Peter Wulkan	385 Argyle Rd. Bklyn. 18 NY 135 Bengeyfield Dr. E.WillistonNY 360 W. 55th St. New York 19 NY 215 W. 88th St. New York NY	IN9 1264 PI1 8928 CI6 8632 TR4 0968	7/22 5/29
John Yohalem	192 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle NY	NE2 0658	8/3
Richard Zahler	80, Lotus Oval N. Valley Stream NY	PY1 5668	

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Gírls

Doris Aberback, Marjorie Adler, Ruth Amdur, Lucy Aronson, Diane Austin,	520 E. 20th St. NY 9, N.Y. 459 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, N.Y. 2115-34 Ave., Long Is. City, 6, NY. 1349 Lexington Ave., NY28, NY. 495 E. Shore Rd. Gt. Neck, NY.	Ca 8-8878 Bu 7-3702 Ye 2-1438 En 9-6694 Hu 2-4701	1/3 4/26 7/4 10/8
Amy Berkman, Ellen Berman, Polly Bijur, Janet Blaustein, Maralin Bloom, Kathy Bogin, Susan Breslau, Jane Brooks, Mary Burnham, Liz Burrows	33 Bayview Ave. Gt. Neck, NY. 67-30 Dartmouth St, For. Hills, NY. 502 Orienta Ave. Mamk., NY. 7324 Ridge Blvd. Bklyn., NY. 115 Central Pk. W., NYC, NY. 100 Pelham Rd. New Rochelle, NY. 196-14 51 Ave. Flushing 65, NY. 67-26 Ingram St., For. Hills, NY. Cartbridge Rd., Weston, Conn. 2121 Westbury Ct., Bklvn. 25, NY.	Hu 7-6741 Bo 1-7790 Ow 8-5028 Te 6-0529 En 2-0165 Ne 6-5274 Ba 4-4110 Bo 3-0538 227-2874 Bu 2-7825	3/26 7/30 8/1 6/1 5/28 5/24 5/15 7/24 9/1
Alison Cohen Wendie Cohen Linda Colman Barbara Comenetz	48-05 Douglaston Pkwy, Douglaston, NY. 77 Merrivale Rd. Gt. Neck, NY. 9 Hilary Cir. New Rochelle, NY. 6700 192 St. Freshh Meadows NY.	Ba 5- 9176 Hu 2- 2943 Ne 6-3334 Ax 7-2113	8/15 2/4
Ellen Davidson Naomi Dembe Julia Diamant Nancie Dinerman Rita Dresner	Overbrook Hospital Cedar Grove, NJ. 187 V. 48th St. Bayonne, NJ. 145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown, NY. 102 Schoonmaker Rd. Teaneck, NJ. 104-59 107 St. Ozone Park, NY.	Ce 9-1900 Fe 9-3339 Me 1-2585 Te 7-6646 Vi 3-8987	10/6 4/29 7/11 5/15
Ellen Threnfeld Laura Euben Jane Evans Susan Evans	409 Pinebrook Blvd. New Rochelle, NY. 141-42 70 Rd. Flushing, NY. 370 First Ave. NY., 10, NY. 370 First Ave. NY., 10, NY.	Ne 3-7428 Bo 3-8480 Gr 5-7262 Gr 5-7262	7/21

Anne Farber Donna Feigin Laurie Finestone Alice Flax Aisa Forrell Patricia Freeman Shola Friedensohn Ada Frumerman	775 E. 19th St. Bklyn, NY. 120 E. 87th St. NY28, NY. 74 Beaumont St. Bklyn.NY. 322 W. Walnut St. Long Beach, NY. 175 Riverside Dr. NY24, NY. 12 Hemlock Dr. Gt. Neck, NY. 43-44 149 St. Flushing 55, NY. 21-71 34th Ave. Long Is. City, NY.	Ul 9-2169 11/4 At 9-7387 6/7 De 2-3563 2/3 Ge 2-0216 11/8 Sc 4-6043 Hu 7-4503 5/19 Le 9-4549 11/26 Ye 2-3665 11/3
Stephanie Gelb Karen Glasser Ruth Goldbaum Mura Goldfarb Carol Goldsmith Laura Goldstein Rebecca Gothelf Roseann Gothelf Helen Greer Marcia Gurfield	80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle, NY. 5 Cherry Lane Gt. Neck, NY. 98 Van Cortlandt Pk.S. Bronx 63, NY 4216 80th St. Elmhurst 73, NY. 440 E. 23rd St. NY 10, NY. 476 E. 18 St. Bklyn 26, NY. 495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, NY 495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, NY 45 Martense St. Bklyn 26, NY. 3215 Netherland Ave. Brx. 63, NY.	Be 5-4127 2/12 Hu 2-5918 5/15 Ki 3-9018 I1 8-4276 3/9 Or 3-2157 3/28 Bu 2-0602 3/12 Bu 2-0125 3/11 Bu 7-5291 7/3 Ki 3-0960 4/13
amy Handler Bobbie Handler Laura Hirschlag Pam Hort Mary Hutchinson	430 E. 86th St. NY 28,NY. 400 Kensington Rd. W. Englewood,NJ. 12-52 Tanis Pl. Fair Lawn, NJ. 355 College Rd. Brx. 71,NY. 334 Sprain Rd. Scarsdale,NY.	Re 4-2472 9/12 Te 7-6480 8/23 Sw 6-0260 5/5 Ki 6-9088 1/29 Gr 8-1945 4/1
Donna Isaacson Lynn Isaacson	67-36-B 186 Lane Flushing 65, NY. 67-36-B 186 Lane Flushing 65, NY.	Ax 7- 2955 3/2 Ax 7- 2955 11/8
Betty-Jane Jacobs Lauren Jacoby Ronnie Janklow Jane Joseph	758 Berry Ct. W. Hempstead, NY 383 Andrews (Rd. M. Villiston, NY. 162 Westwood Cir. Roslyn Hts. NY. 261 Prince Ave. Freeport, NY.	Iv 6-0284 10/14 Pi 2-3651 Ma 1-6528 6/14 Fr 8-6010 4/20
Amy Kahn Barbara Kaiser Riva Kaminsky	20 Vanderbilt Rd. Scarsdale, NY. 118 V. 79th St. MY, NY 1872 Monroe Ave. Bronx, 57, NY.	Sc 5-1141 1/21 Tr 4 7 119 4/7 Tr 2-6151 11/30

Sylvia Kay Starr Kazan Barbara Kempster Cookie Kirk Nana Koch	1 Sycamore La. Roslyn Hts. NY. Vinding Rd. Farm Ardsley, NY. 1148 Fifth Ave. NY 28, NY. 99-52 66th Rd. For. Hills, NY. 102-35 64 Rd. For. Hills, NY.	Ma 1-2868 Ow 3-5717 Sa 2-2129 Tw 6-2732 Tw 7-8253	5/15 2/22 6/22 12/1 5/9
Madiline Landau Hargaret Lazarus Betsy Lenke Wendy Le Shan Judy Lesser Laura Levine Linda Littman Mancy Louis	774 E. 19th St. Bklyn. 30,,NY. 5832 198 St. Flushing,NY. 41 Second Ave. Port Wash.,NY. 5153 Post Rd. Bronx 71,NY. 45 E. 82nd St. MY "',NY. 88 Ridge Pk. Ave. Stamford,Conn. 33-03 Bell Blvd. Bayside 61,NY. 17 Hartcourt Rd. Scarsdale,NY.	Ge 4-0992 Ba 9-5 123 Po 7-8169 Ki 3-9826 Un 1-2111 Da 2-2051 Ba 9-9193 Sc 3-5086	9/4 12/2 12/10 6/7
Llison Hager Laura Hargolin Hilary Michaelson Leslie Morse Jessica Hyers	1013 H. Lawn Dr. Tenneck, NJ. 285 Central Pk. V. NY 24, NY. 100 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn 18, NY. 17 W. CentrBr. DBriarcliffiman. NY. 10707 Veymouth St. Garrett Ck. Nd.	Te 7-3516 SU 7-5585 Ge 8-3231 Vi 1-7188 Vh 2-5861	5/3 4/15 3/27 4/19
Lori Obler Ellen Ogintz Susan Ogur Claire Oppenheimer	21 Argyle Ra. Scarsdale, NY. 588 Haddon La. E Meadow, NY. 90 Meadow Voods Rd. Gt. Neck, NY. 1926 E. 23rd St. Bklyn 29, NY.	Sc 3-8050 Iv 6-3281 Hu 2-6626 Ni 5-0693	7/12 5/2 11/20
Arlene Palcy Wendy Parmet Abby Peyton	15 Voodland Pl. Gt. Meck, NY. 98 Joseph St. New Hyde Pk. NY. 714 Carroll Pl. Teaneck, NJ	Hu 7-7749 Fl 2-9185 Te 6-2221	1/21 4/29 4/2
Judy Rafel Margie Reasenberg Susan Riedel Elissa Robbins Toby Rosenberg Jane Rosengarten Rena Rosenwasser	273 Merrison St. Teaneck, NJ. 224-12 139th Ave. Laurelton, NY. 22 Shadetree La. Roslyn Hts. NY.	Yo 7-6532 In 9-7839 Te 7-3120 Te 6-4683 La 5-6497 Ma 1-4753 Li 4-6354	3/24 10/20 10/21 1/10 1/19

Sally Ross Kathy Rowen Deborah Ruskay	15 W. 75th St. NY 23 NY 671 Scranton Ave. Lynbrook NY 115 Oak St. Woodmere NY	Su 7- 9280 Ly 9-1352 Ce 9-5628	
Kathy Sabel Diane Salzman Jennie Schneider Beryl Schulman Susan Schwartz Laura Selub Dede Shanok Jane Shapiro Laura Shapiro Nina Silk Michele Silverstein Tobie Sperry Beth Spiro Nancy Stevens Sally Stein Lynda Steinberg Andrea Strongwater Wendy Suss	612 Wayfield Rd. Wynnewood, Pa. 179-05 Kildare Rd. Jamaica, NY 1376 E. 24th St. BKLYN 10 NY 23 Somerset Dr. N. Gt. Neck NY 19 Huron Rd. Yonkers, NY 226-23 76 Rd. Bayside 64 NY 159 Whitman Dr. BKLYN 34 NY 56 Willey Ave. Liberty NY 56 Willey Ave. Liberty NY 1264 Rhinelander Ave. BRX NY 4255 N. Meridian Ave. Miami B. Fla 5 Governors Ct. Gt. Neck NY 16 Starr Ave. Monticello NY 83 Sheperd La. Roslyn Hts. NY 147 Brite Ave. Scarsdale NY 184-18 64 Ave. Fresh Mea. NY 100 Pelhan Rd. New Rochelle NY 76 Meadow Woods Gt. Neck NY	Mi 2-4814 O1 8-1937 C1 3-7499 Hu 7-7808 Sp 9-6645 Sp 6-7056 Rn 3-3540 Li 1838 Li 1838 Tr 8-6007 Jc 8-8967 Hu 7-7743 Mo 1412 Ma 1-4493 Sc 3-8060 In 3-2220 Ne 6-8486 Hu 2-5948	2/13 3/14 3/29 9/7 8/30 8/18 10/29 2/24 7/1 3/31 7/20 8/6 4/4 3/28
Holly Tannen Jane Tavalin Beryl Title	2545 Hillograss Ave. Berkeley Cal 647 E. 14th St. NY 9 NY 23-45 Bell Blvd. Bayside 60 NY	Ba 4-7899	4/10 7/10
Virginia Vogel Toby Volkman	18 Wynmor Rd. Scarsdale 194 71-35 Juno St. For. Hills 75 NY	Sc 3-8060 Bo 3-4319	9/27 10/10
Emily Warwick Denise Weber Kenda Weisberg Judy Weiss Becky White	817 Pleasint Hill Rd. Chester Pa. 1234 Midland Ave. Bronxville NY 23 Erick Ave. Hewlett NY 34 Aberfoyle Rd. New Rochelle NY 1165 Park Ave. NY 28 NY	Tr 2-5012 Sp 9- 6551 Fr 4-2979 Ne 3-7632 At 9-6976	4/4 3/10 5/15 11/19
Andrea Zakin Devorah Zeiflin Suzanne Zuckerman	300 Central Park W. NY 24 NY 473 E. 18th St. BKLYN 26 NY 39 S. Dr. Gt. Neck NY	Su 7-1888 Bu 4-2783 Hu 7-8129	4/26 4/23

C. I. T.'s

Martin Alterman Paul Aronow	212-15 34 Ave. Long Is. C. NY 216 Longvue Terr. Ynkrs. NY	As 4-7278 Sp 9-5714
Alan Barysh Karen Bassuk Abby Blatt Eric Blumenson Peter Bocour Ann Bramson Robert Bressler John Bulova	PFD 3 Chestnutland Rd. New Mil. Buxton School, Williamstown, Mass 1044 E. 28 St. Bklyn. 10 NY 51 W. 86 St. NY 24 NY 350 1st Ave. NY 10 NY 173 Rvrside. Dr. NY 24 NY 87-16 168 Pl. Jamaica 32 NY 200 Parker Rd. Elizabeth, NJ 50 Elm St. Glens Falls, NY	Conn. E1 4-5420 C1 8-6143 8/7 Tr 4-1467 A1 7-6064 Tr 7-7850 Re 9-1005 E1 5-3513 Rx 2-3023
Lydia Churgin Charles Cummings	203 W. 94 St. NY 25 NY 213 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Ac 2-1545 Hu 7-6095
Paul Drexler	1186 E. 10 St. Bklyn. 30 NY	C1 3 - 7929
Ellen Eisenstadt	1706 E. 33 St. Bklyn, 34 NY	De 6-4397 11/3
Martin Fortgang Richard Fried Barry Fruchter	41-08 42 St. LIC 4, NY 3972 47 St. LIC 4, NY 2401 Davidson Ave. Bx 68 NY	St 4-6696 St 6-9332 Lu 4-9588
Julie Geiger James Gerstenzang Alfred Gingold Penny Gold Barbara Gould Jody Greenberg	32 Tamarack Way Plantvile. NY 45 Parker Ave. Maplewood NJ 110 E. End Ave. Ny 28 NY 7 Arthur Cir. Chester, Pa. 21 Marshall Ct, Gt. Neck NY 8216 Marion Rd. Elkins Pk., Pa.	Ro 9-2691 11/26 So 2-4226 Le 5-5148 Tr 2-7278 Hu 7-2857 Me 5-2129
Marc Heller	River Rd. Scarborough NY	Wi 1-5161
Seth Ingram	16 No. Beway. White Plains NY	Wh 9-5742

Kathy Lesser Linda Levy	45 E. 82 St. NY 28 NY 196 Southern Blvd, Danbury, Conn	Un 1-2111 . 748-6897	
Richard Mackler Richard Marshall George Martin Jonathan Metric Selma Meyerowitz Eugene Miller Esther Mitgang Robert Muhlfelder	220-15 77 Ave. Bayside 64 NY 10 Cambridge Rd. Gt. Neck NY 189-54 43 Rd. Flushing 5 NY 17 Falmouth St. Bklyn. 35 NY 129 Coleridge St. Bklyn. 35 NY 3970 Hillman Ave. Bx 63 NY 21 Nirvana Ave. Gt. Neck NY 2922 Parkside La. Harrisburg, Pa.	Ho 4-7154 Hu 7-9242 F1 8-5465 Ni 8-1962 Ni 6-7516 Ki 8-4611 Hn 6-2396 Ce 6-2523	7/
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 2-0790	
Dan Opatoshu Donald Osman	190 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY 1730 E. 7 St. Bklyn. 23 NY	Sc 4-2930 De 9-6368	
Liz Pearson Daniel Prince	235 W. 76 St. NY 23 NY 7702 Park Ave. N. Bergen NJ	Tr 3-5755 Un 8-1213	
Margaret Rosenblum Jain Rothchild Paul Rothman	110-35 Jewel Ave. For. Hills NY 2 Patton Blvd. New Hyde Pk. 78-20 221 St. Fayside NY	Bo 1-7134 Ge 7-2365 Ho 8-0615	
Sylvia Schwartz Michael Seidman Michael Seitchik Jules Smith Robert Solomon Joel Striker Richard Sulken	221-10 Manor Rd. Qns. Vill. NY 22 Glenfruin Ave. New Rochelle NY 6609 Lawnton Ave. Phil. 26 Pa. 80-76 Tryon Place Janaica 32 NY 51 Edgemere Dr. Searingtown NY 664 Derby Ave. Woodmere NY 12 Briar Lane Great Neck NY	Ho 5-4658 Ne 3-7072 Wa 4-3692 Ax 7-6823 Ma 1-8509 Fr 1-2275 Hu 2-5695	
Martha Tiger	233 Exeter St. Bklyn. 35 NY	De 2-3276	
Naomi Walfish Jessica Weinstein Leta Weiss Eric Winston Jonathan Winston Fredd Winter Daniel Yavner	157 Beaumont St. Bklyn. NY 15 N. King St. Malverne NY 540 E. 20 St. NY 9 NY 48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY 48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY 243 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26 NY 1595 Metropolitan Ave. Bx 62 NY	Tw 1-0078 Ly 3-8642 Sp 7-0583 Yo 3-7417 Yo 3-7417 In 2-2863 Ta 8-9162	

J.C.'s

Daniel Allan	130 St.Edwards St. Bklyn 1 NY	UL2-5688	11/3
Todd Capp	3 Peter Cooper Rd. NY 10 NY University of Chicago	SP7-6106	1/9
Carl Ebert	43 5th Avenue New York 3 NY	AL5-0172	
Barnett Friedman	5601 Riverdale Ave. Bronx 71 NY Carnegie Inst. of Tech. Pittsb. Pa	KI9-9021	6/25
Frederic Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle NY	NE2-5676	7/18
Robert Gerstein	75-59 182nd St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-2428	5/3
Sarah Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	BU2-0125	5/16
Harry Greenberger	73-43 185th St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-0359	11/18
Andrew Herz	325 Weaver St. Larchmont NY	TE4-3792	11/12
Thomas Hurwitz	43 West 93rd St. NY 25 NY		
Marilyn Kaggen	479 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN2-0587	9/21
Peter Kent	29-19 212th St. Bayside 60 NY	BA9-7158	10/18
Melissa Warein	355 E.Shore Rd. Great Neck NY	ни7-4498	10/11
Lois Morse	17 W.Central Dr. Briarcliff Man.NY	WI1-7188	12/15
Paul Reasenberg	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN9-7839	4/19
Frederick Roberts	1657 E.23rd. St. Bklyn 29 NY	CL2-2172	4/30
Carolyn Rosenfield	40 Hickory Dr. Roslyn NY	MA1-1989	5/20
Lisa Serbin	37 Bank Street New York 14 NY	CH2-1832	9/18
Ira Siff	1731 East 26th St. Bklyn 29 NY		2/15
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills 75 NY	TW7-8218	12/12
Robert Tuchmann	108-14 67th Rd. Forest Hills 75 NY	BO1-4578	7/7

Counselors

Ernst & Ilsa Bulova	300 Central Park W. NY 24 NY	EN 2-2702
Doris & Jess Adler Harry Allan	E. 196 Concord Dr. Paramus NJ 130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn. 1 NY	CO 1-9054 UL 2-5688
Carl Baker Rita Benson Sophia Bonfield Betty Boulware Barbara Bulova	119 Sherman St. Fairfield, Conn. 7 Monfort Dr. Huntington NY c/o Hevenstone RFD-2-Box 152 W. Brattleboro, Vt. 85 Hillandale Rd. Westport Conn. Bennington Col. Bennington, Vt. 50 Elm St. Glens Falls NY Brandeis U. Waltham 54, Mass.	MY 2-6994 254-6667 10/28 CA 7-1924 1/25 Rx 2-3023
Albert Chang Alice Cohon	188-06 87 Dr. Hollis NY 4618 7 Ave. Bklyn. 20 NY	Sp 6-3897 6/7 Ge 6-5350
Ronald Danzig Willa de Sousa Stanley Diamond Edward Douglas	553 Mnr. Rdge. Rd. Pelham Mnr. NY 5530 Dorchstr. Ave. Chic. 37 Ill. 451 W. 22 St. NY 11 NY 3320 Kossuth Ave. Bx 67 NY 170 Prospect Pl. Bklyn. 38 NY	738-3739 493-9019 Wa 9-3074 11/3 10/7 Ne 8-8721 12/31
Hanna Epstein Betty & Harold Ewen	605 W. 111 St. NY 25 NY 326 Bdwy. Massapequa Pk. NY	Mo 2 - 9693 LI 1 - 2507
Lyle Fain Ann Fanning Wayne Felgar Bernard Filner Russell Forest Gordon Freund Laura Furman	400 Laurel Ave. Providence 6 RI. 8814 Bay Pkwy. Bklyn. 14 NY 200 Davis St. Findlay, Ohio 99-35 59 Ave. Rego Pk. NY Noah Hall Oberlin Col. Oberlin O. 218-57 82 Ave. Queens Vil. NY 83-85 116 St. Kew Grdns. NY 680 West End Ave. NY 25 NY Bennington Col. Bennington, Vt.	Te 1-7444 11/11 422-1332 3/6 Ar 1-2782 9/24 Mo 6-0084 11/19
Adele Ganis Martin Ganzglass Toni Gerber Alfred Ghene Ruth Glaser Kenneth Golden	1525 E. 26 St. Bklyn. 29 NY 2825 Webb Ave. Bx 68 NY 420 West End Ave. NY 24 NY 18 Bronson Ave. Scarsdale NY 415 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn. 18 NY 2727 Palisade Ave. Rvrdle. 63 NY 57 Second St. Troy NY	C1 8-3240 12/17 Ki 3-4408 4/1 Su 7-9059 10/4 Sc 3-2552 1/2 Ge 5-1943 1/8 KI 8-3810 AR 3-9848

Susan Guggenheim	671 W. 193 St. NY 40 NY	Lo 9-4146 9/17
Alan Hack Peter Hall Paul Hirsch	85 Strong St. Bx 68 NY 470 W. End Ave. NY 24 NY 173 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY Mo2B New Hall Colum. U. NY 27	Ki 6-3058 3/13 Tr 3-1906 11/13 Tr 3-3657 11/15 Mo 6-9000
Sandford & Edith Jason Jo & Carol Jochnowitz	42 Gilbert La. Plnvw. NY 130-57 233 St. Laureltn. NY	We 5-8460 La 8-0498
David & Jeanne Katz Steve Kleid Naomi Klein Bill & Muriel Korff Barry Kornfeld	67-42 Ingram St. For. Hills NY 910 W. Ave. Miami Beach, Fla. 139 Henry St. Bklyn. 1 NY 577 Grand St. NY 2 NY 190 Waverly Pl. NY 14 NY	Bo 8-6346 Je 8-6402 6/14 U1 2-1303 3/1 Or 3-4951 Or 5-3831
Bernard Leif Howard Lester	30 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 25 NY 150 Chiptenden Ave. Ynkrs. NY 40 Ridgewood Rd. Ithaca, NY	U1 6-7710 10/2 Sp 9-4276 10/5
Deborah Mellis Andrew Milman	1505 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30 NY 15 Farmers Rd. Gt. Neck NY	C1 2-6878 9/9 Hu 7-1747
Ann Oberkirch Martin Propper Jaimee Pugliese	1131 President St. Bklyn. 25 NY 67-71 Groton St. For. Hills 75 1236 Virginia Ave. Bx 72 NY	NY Bo 8-6505 11/2
Robert Reasenberg Victor Rosov	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26 NY 6630 64 St. Bklyn. 27 NY	In 9-7839 4/27 G1 6-6890 5/8
Linda & Robert Sacks Martin Saltzman Melvin Samuelowitz Carl Sandler Wendy Schoenbach Carl Sheingold	c/o U.S. Educ. Comm. for France 9 Rue Chardin Paris 16°, France 6764 Austin St. For. Hills NY 497 Milford St. Bklyn. 8 NY 75 Mt. Hope Ave. Providence RI 1807 Ave. K Bklyn. 30 NY 25 Knolls Crescent Bx 63 NY Brandeis U. Waltham 54, Mass.	I1 9-6829 4/29 Ni 9-0547 P1 1-5550 10/18 De 8-1853 7/17 Ki 8-5624 11/19

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Errata

Please note the following changes in the DIRECTORY:

Boys David Bearg's telephone number is LE 9-0594

Girls
Maralin Bloom's telephone number is EN 2-0465
Tobie Sperry's address is 5A Governor's Ct., Gt. Neck NY
Sally Stein's telephone number is SC 3-0342

CIT'S
Richard Mackler's telephone number is HO 4-9662
Louis Metzger was omitted:
449 Hoffman Ave., New Milford, New Jersey, 265-0710
Dan Opatoshu's telephone number is TR 2-0065

Thomas Hurwitz's telephone number is RI 9-4335 Ira Siff's telephone number is ES 6-4613

COUNSELORS
Bernard Leif's address is 39 Ocean Avel, Bklyn 30 NY

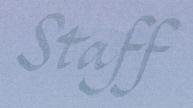
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P.P.S.

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